

Banana Milkshake

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Summary: Otto's holed up in a safe house with Raven as his only companion, and he has nothing to do but wiggle his toes. He's BOUND to get bored out of his genius mind. Unfortunately, his attempt to make time pass by more quickly is disastrous, to say the least...

Banana Milkshake

****Warning:** This is slightly random, despite my best efforts I think a bit OOC, and I wrote it just for fun. Reensie told me to post it, so I thought what the heck, and here you go...**

****I don't own HIVE, because if I did, I would make N/R canon *goes off into an hour long rant, muttering obscenities about Mark Walden under her breath*****

* * *

><p>"When is the HIVE team going to be here?"<p>

"I don't know, Malpense," Raven replied, irritated. "Stop getting on my nerves."

It had been a few hours since Otto and Raven had been holed up in the assassin's safe house, and they were patiently waiting for the Shroud. Well, perhaps 'patiently' was the wrong word; once Otto realized that all the books were written in Russian, he got tired of staring at the wall pretty fast. As for Raven—she must be given a lot of credit, actually, for not ripping the albino's head by now.

Raven didn't know what Malpense's problem was; sure, he was a genius with nothing to do except wiggle his toes and count the cracks in the ceiling. Yes, he was bound to get bored and annoyed. But why did he have to project that on her?

Secretly, she thought that maybe this was his idea of livening up the otherwise boring state of affairs. If it wasâ€¦_well, boredom would not kill him, but I certainly would._

Unfortunately, she knew that knocking him unconscious to keep him quiet was just wishful thinking. Trouble was, he knew that too.

"Can I eat something?"

"Go find something in the kitchen."

"There's nothing in it! Well, nothing edible."

"Eat some bread."

"The jam tastes weird."

Raven took a deep breath. If she didn't know better, she would have sworn Otto was being this whiny on purpose to get back at her for not teaching him Russian. But she was an assassin, not a primary school teacher. She had a reputation to maintain. "Eat it without jam."

Otto put on a horrified face. "What do you take me for, a primitive caveman?"

She lost it. "Otto, shut up before I knock you out!"

There were a few minutes of blessed silence.

Otto broke it. "Can I _make_ something?"

"After seeing your culinary skills, I'm terrified to leave you alone in there."

"Can _you_ make me something?"

"I am an _assassin_, not a chef, Malpense!"

"Then let _me_ make something! I didn't do anything _that_ badâ€¦And it's not my fault I dropped the egg. It was runny."

"And when you cracked it, Malpense," Raven asked sarcastically, "you didn't think the _raw egg_ was going to be 'runny'?"

"Yeah, wellâ€¦" he scratched his nose. After a pause, he asked, "Will you tell anyone I cried out in disgust?"

"You didn't 'cry out in disgust', you screamed like a little girl. Otto Malpense, face it, your juvenile villain status went flying out of the window when you shrieked at the sensation of raw egg running through your fingers."

"So I dropped an egg. Big deal."

"I had to clean it up."

"I offered!"

"You just spread it around on the floor!"

"Ok, so I won't touch any eggs. Can I make something to eat?"

Raven put her head in her hands. "Do whatever," she said, her voice coming out muffled. As Otto entered the tiny kitchen, she raised her head and called out, "Don't do anything involving a fire! The last thing I need is to have this place burnt to a crisp!"

"Don't worry!" Otto called from inside. Raven sighed and followed him in. When Malpense says 'don't worry', do the exact opposite.

Otto was opening and closing the cabinets. Finally, spotting a blender, he brightened. "I can make a banana milkshake."

"Or you could just _eat_ the bananaâ€¦"

He pulled a face. "Bananas are _disgusting_."

Silently, Raven vowed that she was going to get Max to put Otto on a diet of gruel for a week.

The albino was pulling out various food items. "What do I put in?"

Raven sighed. "Bananas."

"Should I cut them or mash them orâ€¦" he trailed off when he saw the assassin's expression. "Actually, I think I can manage that myselfâ€¦"

"Good." Raven closed her eyes. She heard the sound of a fridge being opened and closed.

"What next?" he asked her, "Milk?"

"Milk."

She heard him tip a liquid in the blender.

"Then?"

"Sugarâ€¦"

A few containers clattered as he found the sugar.

"That's it?"

Eyes still closed, she nodded. "That's it."

He pressed a button. Immediately, they both were assaulted by a cold, semi solid, pale yellow substance. Raven's eyes flew open in shock and she gasped.

At that precise moment, the door banged open and Colonel Francisco walked in. "The Shroud's here, are youâ€¦" he trailed off, taking in the scene in front him.

Professor Pike stuck his head in the doorway. "Everything all rig-ooh, that's messyâ€¦"

"Raven," Dr Nero asked, looking clearly shaken, "what happened? What-are you"-he peered at her closely-"Are you covered in _half mixed banana milkshake_?"

Raven wiped some of the sopping substance out of her eyes. Even with her hair saturated with banana, the look she gave Otto was terrifying.

"You forgot," she glowered, "the _lid._"

* * *

><p>This _**nearly**_** happened to me. Not with banana milkshake though. My mom swooped in at the literal last second to stop chutney from flying everywhere. If she hadn't, I imagine that her reaction would have been every bit as terrifying as Raven's. I hope I never have to confirm this first-hand.**

End
file.